



Thursdays at Noon
presents
Music and Poetry
Thursday, March 7, 2002
12:10 pm. Walter Hall

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Songs and Proverbs of William Blake, op. 74

The pride of the Peacock...London
Prisons are built...The Chimney Sweeper
The bird a nest...A Poison Tree
Think in the morning...The Tyger
The tygers of wrath...The Fly
The hours of folly...Ah, Sun-flower
To see a World...Every Night & every Morn

Matthew Leigh, *baritone*
John Hawkins, *piano*

Prof. Eric Domville will introduce the Hawkins and Ravel works.

John Hawkins
(born 1944)

Long-legged Fly (2001)*
(poem by W. B. Yeats)

Matthew Leigh, *baritone*
Nathan Simington and Christine Choi, *violins*
Katharine Rapoport, *viola*
Ariel Barnes, *cello*
Devon Fornelli, *marimba*

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée
(poems by Paul Morand)

Chanson romanesque
Chanson épique
Chanson à boire

Matthew Leigh, *baritone*
John Hawkins, *piano*

**first performance*

Meet the Artists

Baritone **MATTHEW LEIGH** received his Mus. Bac. in vocal performance from the Faculty of Music, U. of T. in 2000. He continues to study voice with Patricia Kern while focusing on the German Romantic Lieder repertoire.

ERIC DOMVILLE is a Professor Emeritus of English at the University of Toronto. His main scholarly activity has focused on the life and works of W.B. Yeats. He also has a longstanding interest in relationships between words and music both in art song and in opera. He will offer a course in French opera in Spring 2002 and one on Wagner's Ring Cycle in Fall of 2002. Both courses will be given in the Continuing Education Division of St. Michael's College, U. of T.

Composer and pianist **JOHN HAWKINS** has organized the Music and Poetry lecture/concert series since 1994. The series focuses on vocal music of the twentieth century. So far, over 45 works by 23 different composers have been performed including a number of works that Hawkins has written especially for the series. Last December, Hawkins' **Summerdances**, for clarinet solo, winds and percussion received its Russian premiere in Saratov; Peter Stoll was the soloist and Stephen Chenette conducted the wind band.

SONGS AND PROVERBS OF WILLIAM BLAKE

Proverb I

The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.
The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.
The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.
The nakedness of woman is the work of God.

LONDON

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
Every black'ning Church appalls,
And the hapless Soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

Proverb II

Prisons are built with stones of Law,
Brothels with bricks of Religion.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER

A little black thing among the snow,
Crying 'weep 'weep in notes of woe!
Where are thy mother and father? say?
They are both gone up to the church to pray.

Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smil'd among the winter's snow
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

And because I am happy and dance and sing
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and his Priest and King
Who make up a heaven of our misery.

Proverb III

The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.

A POISON TREE

I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I water'd it in fears,
Night and morning with my tears;
And I sunned it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright.
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole
When the night had veil'd the pole,
In the morning glad I see
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

Proverb IV

Think in the morning. Act in the noon.
Eat in the evening. Sleep in the night.

THE TYGER

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests on the night:
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Proverb V

The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction.
If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.
If others had not been foolish, we should be so.

THE FLY

Little Fly,
Thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brush'd away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance
And drink and sing:
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life
And strength and breath
And the want
Of thought is death;

Then am I
A happy fly,
If I live,
Or if I die.

Proverb VI

The hours of folly are measur'd by the clock;
but of wisdom, no clock can measure.
The busy bee has no time for sorrow.
Eternity is in love with the productions of time.

AH, SUN-FLOWER

Ah, Sun-flower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done:

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves and aspire
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

Proverb VII

To see a World in a Grain of Sand,
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour.

EVERY NIGHT AND EVERY MORN

Every Night and every Morn
Some to Misery are Born.
Every Morn and every Night
Some are Born to sweet delight.
Some are Born to sweet delight,
Some are Born to Endless Night.
We are led to Believe a Lie
When we see not Thro' the Eye,
Which was Born in a Night, to perish in a Night,
When the Soul Slept in Beams of Light.
God Appears and God is Light
To those poor Souls who dwell in Night,
But does a Human Form Display
To those who Dwell in Realms of Day.

William Blake (1757-1827)

LONG-LEGGED FLY

That civilisation may not sink,
Its great battle lost,
Quiet the dog, tether the pony
To a distant post;
Our master Caesar is in the tent
Where the maps are spread,
His eyes fixed upon nothing,
A hand under his head.
Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
His mind moves upon silence.

That the topless towers be burnt
And men recall that face,
Move most gently if move you must
In this lonely place.
She thinks, part woman, three parts a child,
That nobody looks; her feet
Practise a tinker shuffle
Picked up on a street.
Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
Her mind moves upon silence.

That girls at puberty may find
The first Adam in their thought,
Shut the door of the Pope's chapel,
Keep those children out.
There on the scaffolding reclines
Michael Angelo.
With no more sound than the mice make
His hand moves to and fro.
Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
His mind moves upon silence.

W.B. Yeats (1865-1939)

DON QUICHOTTE À DULCINÉE

Chanson romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
A tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier-dieu, la lance au poing,
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blêmerais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame,

(Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

Were you to tell me that the earth
Offended you with so much turning,
I would dispatch Panza straight to it:
You would see it motionless and silent.

Were you to tell me that the sky
Bored you with its myriad of stars,
Tearing apart the divine order,
I would strike down the night with one blow.

Were you to tell me that space
Thus emptied did not please you,
God-like Knight, lance in hand,
I would stud the passing wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood
Belongs more to myself than to you, my Lady,
I would pale beneath your disapproval
And I would die, blessing you.

Good Saint Michael who gives me liberty
To see my Lady and to hear her,
Good Saint Michael who deigns to choose me
To please her and to defend her,
Good Saint Michael I pray you descend
With Saint George upon the altar
Of the Madonna in the blue mantel.

With a beam from heaven bless my sword
And its equal in purity
And its equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady,

(Ô great Saint George and Saint Michael)
The angel who watches over my vigil,
My gentle Lady so resembling
You, Madonna in the blue mantel!
Amen.

Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon coeur, mon âme!

Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...lorsque j'ai bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geind, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...lorsque j'ai bu!

A pox on that bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to shame me in your sweet eyes
Says that love and old wine
Bring misery to my heart, my soul!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the one goal
To which I go straightway...when I've drunk!

A pox on that jealous fool, dark-haired mistress,
Who whines, who weeps and swears an oath
Ever to be this pallid lover
Who waters down his intoxication.

I drink to joy!
Joy is the one goal
To which I go straightway...when I've drunk!

Paul Morand (1888-1976)